Gloſt. No, what needes then that terribe diſpatch of it into your pocket, the qualitie of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide it ſelfe, lets ſee, come if it bee nothing I ſhall not neede ſpectacles.

Ba. I beſeech you Sir pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I haue not all ore read, for ſo much as I haue peruſed, I find it not fit for your liking.

Gloſt. Giue me the letter ſir.

Baſt. I ſhall offend either to detaine or giue it, the contents as in part I vnderſtand them, are too blame.

Gloſt. Lets ſee, lets ſee?

Baſt. I hope for my brothers iuſtification, he wrot this but as an eſſay, or taſt of my vertue. *A Letter.*

Gloſt. This policie of age makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times, keepes our fortunes from vs till our oldnes cannot reliſh them, I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny, who ſwaies not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered, come to me, that of this I may ſpeake more, if our father would ſleepe till I wakt him, you ſhould inioy halfe his reuenew for euer, and liue the beloued of your brother *Edgar.*

Hum, conſpiracie. ſlept till I wakt him, you ſhould enioy halfe his reuenew, my ſonne *Edgar*, had hee a hand to write this, a hart and braine to breed it in, when came this to you, who brought it?

Baſt. It was not brought me my Lord, ther's the cunning of it, I found it throwne in at the caſement of my cloſet.

Gloſt. You know the Caractar to be your brothers?

Baſt. If the matter were good my Lord I durſt ſweare it were his but in reſpect, of that I would faine thinke it were not,

Gloſt. It is his?

Baſt. It is his hand my Lord, but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Gloſt. Hath he neuer heretofore ſoũded you in this buſines?

Baſt. Neuer my Lord, but I haue often heard him maintaine it to be fit, that ſons at perfit age, & fathers declining, his father ſhould be as ward to the ſonne, and the ſonne mannage the reuenew.

Gloſt.